



Also--
A NEW MYSTERY *Featuring* **POW-WOW SMITH**
INDIAN LAWMAN



Detective COMICS

APR. NO. 194

10c

Featuring
**"The
STOLEN
BANK!"**

STOP, BATMAN!
I DISCOVERED YOUR SECRET
IDENTITY IN BRUCE WAYNE'S
VAULT BOX! IF YOU CAPTURE
ME, I'LL TELL THE WORLD
WHO YOU REALLY ARE!

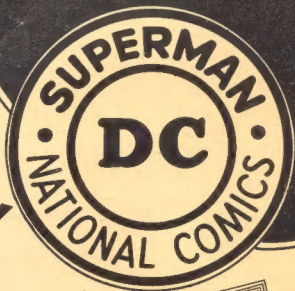


NOW

MORE THAN EVER-

**THIS
FAMOUS SYMBOL**

ON THE COVER OF
ANY COMICS
MAGAZINE IS **YOUR**
GUARANTEE OF THE
BEST IN COMICS
READING



YES, WITH SO
MANY DIFFERENT
COMICS ON THE
NEWSSTANDS,
SOMETIMES IT'S
HARD TO CHOOSE
A MAGAZINE
YOU'RE **SURE** TO
LIKE, BUT PEOPLE
WHO KNOW COMICS
BEST **KNOW** THAT
THE D-C SYMBOL
ALWAYS MEANS
A **GOOD**
MAGAZINE!

For Example,
IF YOU LIKE
MYSTERY STORIES,
YOU'RE PRETTY
SURE TO LIKE...



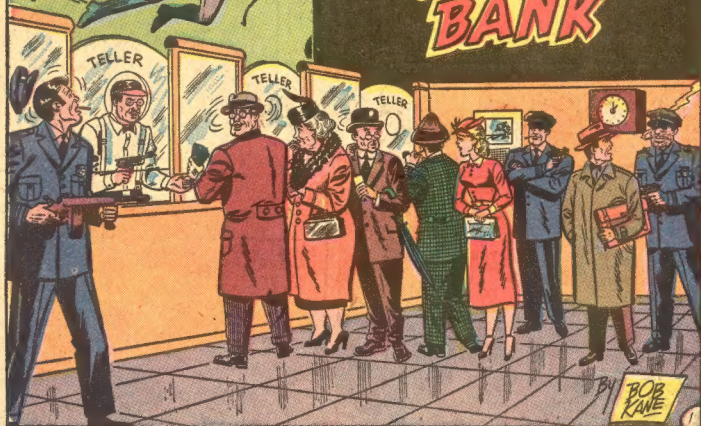
BATMAN

With
ROBIN
THE BOY WONDER

Deposited
for Crime
\$1,000,000.00

EVER HEAR OF A STOLEN BANK?
NOT ROBBED, MIND YOU, BUT
STOLEN...JUST AS A CROOK
MIGHT STEAL A WALLET OR A
WRISTWATCH? BATMAN AND
ROBIN NEVER HEARD OF IT
EITHER... AND THAT'S WHY
BATMAN ENTRUSTED HIS
MOST PRECIOUS SECRET TO ITS
VAULTS! ONLY BY PUTTING THEIR
LIVES INTO THE BALANCE CAN THE
DARING DUO, BATMAN AND
ROBIN, HOPE TO RECOVER THE
PERILOUS SECRET, AND TRIUMPH
OVER FIENDISHLY CLEVER CRIMINAL
SCHEMERS IN THE CASE OF...

The STOLEN BANK

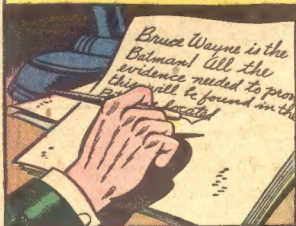


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IN A GOTHAM CITY HOME, A PEN SCRATCHES ACROSS PAPER... AND WORDS ARE WRITTEN FOR WHICH THE UNDERWORLD WOULD PAY A KING'S RANSOM...



BUT THE SECRET IS SAFE, SINCE IT IS BRUCE WAYNE WHO IS WRITING IT! AND A MOMENT LATER, WHEN HIS WARD, DICK GRAYSON, ENTERS...



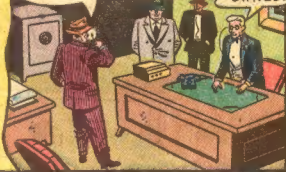
A SAFE PLACE? IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE BANK! IF BRUCE WAYNE COULD LOOK IN AT THIS MOMENT IN THE OFFICE OF MARTIN DUFF, BANK PRESIDENT, HE WOULDN'T SPEAK SO CONFIDENTLY!

WE OPEN FOR BUSINESS TOMORROW, MARTIN! I'M EXPECTING A GOOD CROWD... READY AND ANXIOUS TO DEPOSIT THEIR LIFE SAVINGS WITH US!

IF THEY KNEW **SAMMY SABRE** IS THE SECRET OWNER OF THIS BANK THEY WOULDN'T BE SO ANXIOUS! YOU'RE WANTED FOR BANK ROBBERY IN FIVE STATES!

EIGHT STATES, MARTIN! DON'T UNDERESTIMATE ME! BUT OUR EAGER DEPOSITORS WON'T KNOW ABOUT ME! THEY BELIEVE THEIR EMINENT FELLOW TOWNSMAN, MARTIN DUFF, IS THE FOUNDER OF THIS BANK!

I-I CAN'T BE A PARTY TO A SCHEME LIKE THIS, SABRE! I CAN'T!



I WON'T LET YOU DO IT! I'VE LIVED WITH THESE PEOPLE FOR TWENTY YEARS... AS AN HONEST MAN, JUST BECAUSE I MADE ONE SLIP, IN THE FORGOTTEN PAST...

PRECISELY, MARTIN! BECAUSE YOU MADE THAT SLIP, YOU'RE COMPLETELY IN MY POWER! YOU'LL DO AS I SAY! SHALL WE DRINK... TO CRIME?



THE FOLLOWING DAY, WHEN MARTIN DUFF'S NEW BANK OPENS FOR BUSINESS, BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON ARE AMONG THE FIRST DEPOSITORS...

ALL MY MOST VALUABLE PAPERS ARE GOING INTO THIS SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT, DICK! INCLUDING THE SECRET OF **BATMAN'S** IDENTITY... IN MY LETTER TO COMMISSIONER GORDON!

I SURE HOPE THIS VAULT IS BURGLAR-PROOF! I SHUDDER TO THINK OF WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THE WRONG PEOPLE GOT THEIR HANDS ON THAT SECRET!



PRESENTLY, AS BRUCE STOPS AT A TELLER'S WINDOW TO PAY THE RENTAL ON HIS NEW SAFE DEPOSIT BOX, HIS SHARP EYES NOTE A PECULIAR FACT...

HMM... THAT TELLER COVERS UP THE ENGRAVED PICTURE OF THE PRESIDENT WITH HIS THUMB WHEN HE PASSES A BILL! THAT'S A TRICK OF COUNTERFEIT PEDDLERS... WHO WANT TO MAKE SURE PEOPLE DON'T NOTICE DEFECTS IN THE ENGRAVING! QUEER...



A SHORT TIME LATER, IN THE HOME OF SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE...

THAT TELLER AT THE NEW BANK, DICK! PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE WARNED MARTIN DUFF, THE PRESIDENT, THAT I SAW ONE OF HIS TELLERS USE AN OLD COUNTERFEITER'S TRICK!

LOOK, BRUCE, THE BAT-SIGNAL! COMMISSIONER GORDON IS CALLING BATMAN AND ROBIN!



SWIFTLY BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON CHANGE INTO THEIR FIGHTING COSTUMES AND...

SHALL WE GO DIRECTLY TO THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE?

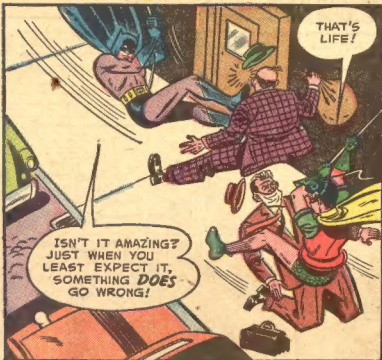
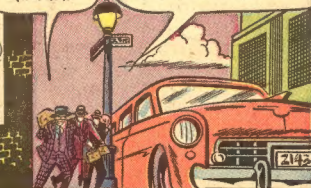
NO, ROBIN! I CALLED HIM ON MY BELT RADIO! HE REPORTS A ROBBERY AT THE BANK! LET'S GET ROLLING IN THE BATMOBILE!



MEANWHILE, AT THE BANK...

THIS JOB WAS A CINCH, SABRE! IMAGINE ROBBIN' YOUR OWN BANK! HA, HA!

HOW COULD ANYTHING GO WRONG? WE KNEW WHERE THE BURGLAR ALARMS WERE PLANTED, THE COMBINATION TO THE SAFE, AND EVERYTHING!



THAT'S LIFE!

ISN'T IT AMAZING? JUST WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT, SOMETHING DOES GO WRONG!



A CROOK'S LIFE, ANYHOW!

KLON!

BUT AS ROBIN TURNS TO ENTER THE FRAY, HE MEETS WITH A SURPRISE...

WHAT'S A MATTER, KID? CAN'T YA READ SIGNS?

UGH

HH

NO OPENING HERE

THEY GOT ROBIN! I'LL MAKE THEM PAY FOR...

YOU HAVEN'T GOT EYES IN THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD, BATMAN!

WHAK

LATER, WHEN BATMAN AND ROBIN RECOVER AND SUMMON THE POLICE...

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS MISSING FROM THE VAULT! THE CROOKS DIDN'T EVEN USE NITRO TO BLOW IT OPEN!

AND THEY AVOIDED EVERYONE OF THE INTRICATE NETWORK OF BURGLAR ALARMS! THIS LOOKS LIKE ONE OF SAMMY SABRE'S JOBS!

BUT HOW COULD EVEN SAMMY SABRE PULL THIS JOB, WITHOUT INSIDE HELP? SOMEHOW, THE CROOKS KNEW ABOUT THE ALARM PATTERN AND THE SAFE COMBINATION! THAT INDICATES AN INSIDE ACCOMPLICE. HMM...I WONDER IF THAT TELLER IS THEIR "INSIDE" MAN...OR WAS THIS ROBBERY MERELY A COINCIDENCE?

HOW CAN BATMAN SUSPECT THE AMAZING TRUTH? HOW CAN HE KNOW THAT MARTIN DUFF, THE BANK PRESIDENT, IS HIMSELF WORKING FOR A CRIMINAL MASTERMIND? THAT BATMAN'S OWN MOST PRECIOUS SECRET IS ON DEPOSIT IN A... CRIME BANK?

LATER THAT NIGHT, MARTIN DUFF KEEPS A RENDEZVOUS WITH SAMMY SABRE AND HIS HENCHMEN...

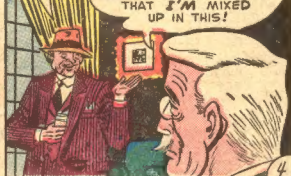
OUR SCHEME WORKED WELL, EH, MARTIN? WE GOT TWO HUNDRED GRAND! AND IT'S ALL COVERED BY INSURANCE! BUT THE INSURANCE COMPANY DOESN'T KNOW THEY'LL BE PAYING US BACK MONEY THAT WAS STOLEN BY US! HA-HA!

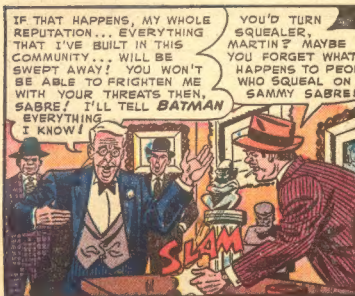
DON'T GLOAT TOO SOON, SABRE! BATMAN IS SUSPICIOUS ALREADY!

AND WHEN MARTIN DUFF EXPLAINS...

HMM! BATMAN'S CLEVER! HE'LL BE WATCHING THE BANK CLOSELY FROM NOW ON! BUT, SAMMY SABRE IS TOO SMART FOR HIM! OUR NEXT JOB WON'T BE HERE AT ALL! WAIT TILL I SHOW YOU HOW I'LL MAKE THIS CRIME BANK PAY DIVIDENDS!

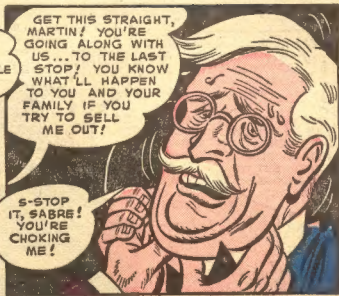
I'M WORRIED, SABRE! SOONER OR LATER, BATMAN IS GOING TO FIGURE OUT THAT I'M MIXED UP IN THIS!





IF THAT HAPPENS, MY WHOLE REPUTATION... EVERYTHING THAT I'VE BUILT IN THIS COMMUNITY... WILL BE SWEEPED AWAY! YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO FRIGHTEN ME WITH YOUR THREATS THEN, SABRE! I'LL TELL **BATMAN** EVERYTHING I KNOW!

YOU'D TURN SQUEALER, MARTIN? MAYBE YOU FORGET WHAT HAPPENS TO PEOPLE WHO SQUEAL ON **SAMMY SABRE!**



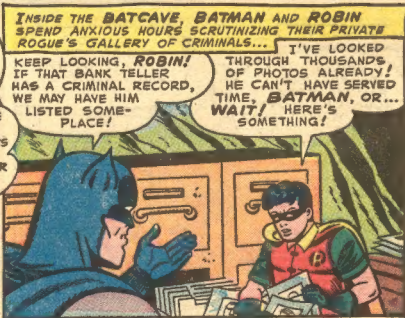
GET THIS STRAIGHT, MARTIN! YOU'RE GOING ALONG WITH US... TO THE LAST STOP! YOU KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO YOU AND YOUR FAMILY IF YOU TRY TO SELL ME OUT!

S-STOP IT, SABRE! YOU'RE CHOKING ME!



I-I DIDN'T MEAN I WOULD SQUEAL! I JUST WANTED YOU TO BE CAREFUL!

ALL MY JOBS ARE ALWAYS PLANNED TO THE LAST, TINY DETAIL, MARTIN! NOW, GET THIS! THERE'S A MOVIE COMPANY ON LOCATION JUST OUTSIDE TOWN! THEY'VE GOT A HEAVY PAYROLL THAT OUR BANK DELIVERS EVERY WEEK! IT'S A PERFECT SET-UP FOR OUR NEXT CAPER!



INSIDE THE **BATCAVE**, **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** SPEND ANXIOUS HOURS SCRUTINIZING THEIR PRIVATE ROGUE'S GALLERY OF CRIMINALS...

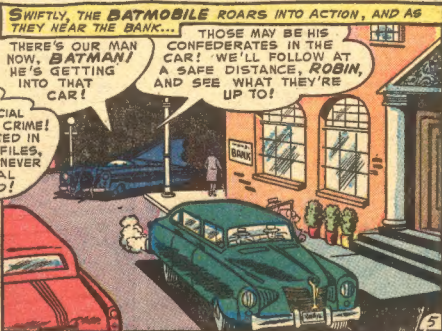
KEEP LOOKING, **ROBIN!** IF THAT BANK TELLER HAS A CRIMINAL RECORD, WE MAY HAVE HIM LISTED SOME-PLACE!

I'VE LOOKED THROUGH THOUSANDS OF PHOTOS ALREADY! HE CAN'T HAVE SERVED TIME, **BATMAN**, OR... WAIT! HERE'S SOMETHING!



A NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPH OF A GOVERNMENT ENGRAVER, **JAMES MAURY**, WHO MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED A FEW YEARS AGO! HE'S NEVER BEEN FOUND! HE-HE LOOKS LIKE THAT BANK TELLER!

YOU'RE RIGHT! THAT'S WHY HE WAS NEVER FOUND, **ROBIN!** HE JOINED THE UNDERWORLD... TO USE HIS SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE IN CRIME! HE WASN'T LISTED IN OUR REGULAR FILES, BECAUSE HE'S NEVER HAD A CRIMINAL RECORD!



SWIFTLY, THE **BATMOBILE** ROARS INTO ACTION, AND AS THEY NEAR THE BANK...

THERE'S OUR MAN NOW, **BATMAN!** HE'S GETTING INTO THAT CAR!

THOSE MAY BE HIS CONFEDERATES IN THE CAR! WE'LL FOLLOW AT A SAFE DISTANCE, **ROBIN**, AND SEE WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!

UP TWISTING MOUNTAIN ROADS, THE **BATMOBILE** PURSUES ITS PREY...

THEY CAN'T SEE US FOLLOWING THEM... WITH OUR LIGHTS OFF! BUT WE CAN SEE THEM!

THEY SEEM TO BE HEADING FOR THE HILLS WHERE THE MOVIE COMPANY IS ON LOCATION!

MOMENTS LATER, SAMMY SABRE AND HIS HENCHMEN ARRIVE AT THE MOVIE LOCATION...

ULP!

WE'LL TAKE THAT PAYROLL, GENTS! THAT IS, UNLESS YOU'D LIKE TO MATCH THOSE PROP GUNS AGAINST THE REAL CANNONS WE'RE CARRYING!

SUDDENLY!

SAMMY SABRE... THE FAMOUS BANK ROBBER! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU'D TURNED INTO A WESTERN OUTLAW!

BACK TO THE SALOON, MEN! **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** CAN'T GET US IN THERE!

INSIDE THE MOVIE SET...

WAIT UNTIL HE OPENS THE SWINGING DOORS... AND THEN BLAST HIM! I CAN SEE HIS BOOTS! HE'LL BE COMING IN ANY SECOND!

BUT I'M NOT COMING IN THE WAY YOU EXPECT, SABRE! I GUESS YOU DIDN'T KNOW THESE MOVIE SETS HAVE ROOFS MADE OF **PAPIER-MACHE!**

HUH?
I-I SAW YOUR **BOOTS** OUTSIDE THE DOOR...

THAT'S WHERE I LEFT THEM TO DISTRACT YOUR ATTENTION! I'LL BET YOU'RE GLAD I'M **NOT** WEARING THEM NOW!

CRASH

BUT SAMMY SABRE REGAINS HIS FEET AND RACES INTO AN ADJOINING STUDIO, WHERE MINIATURE NAVAL SCENES ARE STAGED...

YOU MAY AS WELL STOP RACING AROUND THESE MOVIE SETS LIKE A HAM ACTOR! YOU'RE TRAPPED, SABRE!

LOOKS THAT WAY, DOESN'T IT, BATMAN?

SUDDENLY OVERTURNING THE HUGE TANK...

THERE'S AN OLD SAYING, BATMAN! NEVER COUNT YOUR SHIPS UNTIL THEY'RE LAUNCHED! HA-HA!

WHOOOSH

AS THE TORRENTIAL FLOW SWEEPS BATMAN AND ROBIN OFF THEIR FEET...

ROBIN! HE'S BEEN HIT BY THAT MODEL OF THE STEAMSHIP TITANIC! IT KNOCKED HIM OUT!

STROKING SWIFTLY THROUGH CHURNING WATERS, BATMAN REACHES ROBIN JUST AS HE GOES UNDER...

I'VE GOT TO HOLD HIS HEAD ABOVE WATER UNTIL WE'RE OUT OF HERE!

UHHH...

MOMENTS LATER...

W-WHAT HAPPENED? MY HEAD...

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, YOU PLAYED STAND-IN FOR AN ICEBERG! THAT'S WHAT SANK THE ORIGINAL TITANIC... BUT THIS TIME THE TITANIC NEARLY SANK YOU!

ANYWAY, NOW WE'VE GOT PROOF THAT THE BANK TELLER IS JAMES MAURY... A MEMBER OF SAMMY SABRE'S GANG! WE'D BETTER WARN DUFF ABOUT THIS RIGHT AWAY!

I'M WORRIED ABOUT THAT DOCUMENT YOU LEFT IN THE SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT, BATMAN! IF A CROOK LIKE MAURY EVER LEARNED YOUR IDENTITY, IT WOULD BE DISASTROUS! AND IF ONE CROOK CAN GET A JOB IN DUFF'S BANK, THERE MAY BE OTHERS!

WHEN BATMAN AND ROBIN CALL ON MARTIN DUFF AT HIS HOME...

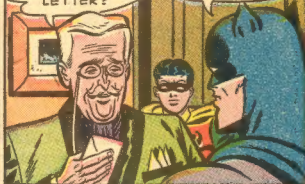
A TELLER WORKING IN MY BANK... A CROOK? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! I'LL NOTIFY THE POLICE TO HAVE HIM ARRESTED AS SOON AS HE REPORTS TO WORK IN THE MORNING!

SAMMY SABRE ALSO PLANTED ONE OF HIS MEN AMONG THE HIGHER-UPS IN YOUR BANK! THE MOVIE PAYROLL ROBBERY WAS EVIDENCE OF THAT! IS THERE ANYONE IN PARTICULAR YOU SUSPECT?



ALL THE EXECUTIVES HAVE WORKED WITH ME FOR YEARS, BATMAN! I'LL PERSONALLY VOUCH FOR THEIR HONESTY! OH, BY THE WAY, WOULD YOU MIND MAILING THIS LETTER?

JUST KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, MR. DUFF! IF YOU SPOT SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS NOTIFY ME THROUGH COMMISSIONER GORDON!



AFTER BATMAN AND ROBIN LEAVE...

SMART THINKING, MARTIN DUFF! I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT TRY TO TIP OFF BATMAN AND ROBIN THAT I WAS HERE! IF YOU'D DONE THAT, YOU'D HAVE GOTTEN A BULLET IN THE BACK!

YOU DON'T TRUST ME, DO YOU, SABRE! WELL, I DON'T BLAME YOU! I WON'T GO ALONG WITH YOUR PLAN ANY FURTHER!

I KNOW YOU INTEND TO STRIP THE BANK OF ALL ITS ASSETS... ALL THE MONEY DEPOSITED BY THE TOWNSPEOPLE! BEFORE I LET YOU DO THAT TO MY FRIENDS, I'LL TELL THE POLICE THAT... UHHH!

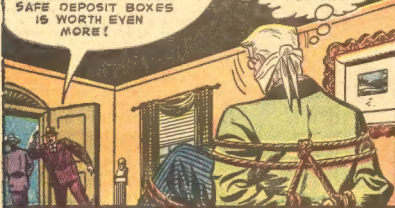
CONSCIENCE STARTING TO HURT, MARTIN? YOU'D BE WILLING TO SACRIFICE YOURSELF TO RUIN MY SCHEME! WELL, YOU WON'T GET THE CHANCE!



SOON...

HA, THERE'S TWO MILLION DOLLARS WAITING FOR US IN THE VAULT NOW, THANKS TO YOUR CHUMP FRIENDS WHO THINK WE'RE RUNNING AN HONEST BANK! AND I'LL BET THE STUFF IN THE SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES IS WORTH EVEN MORE!

IT-IT'LL BE THE BIGGEST THEFT IN HISTORY! I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LET MATTERS REACH THIS STAGE! I-I SHOULD HAVE GONE TO THE POLICE!



EVEN AS SAMMY SABRE AND HIS MEN SPEED TOWARD THE BANK, BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE AT A NEARBY MAILBOX...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, BATMAN? THAT'S THE LETTER MARTIN DUFF ASKED YOU TO MAIL!

IT'S ADDRESSED TO ME! AND THERE'S NOTHING INSIDE BUT THIS OLD WANTED PHOTO... OF A MAN NAMED JAMES HOLLINGER!



EXPERT FINGERS SKETCH IN ADDED LINES ON THE FACE OF THE WANTED CRIMINAL...

BATMAN!
THAT-THAT'S A
PICTURE OF
MARTIN DUFF
HIMSELF!

MARTIN DUFF... ALIAS
JAMES HOLLIGER!
WANTED FOR PRISON
ESCAPE TWENTY YEARS
AGO, WHILE SERVING
A TERM FOR FORGERY!

WANTED!!!

SOON, IN MARTIN DUFF'S ROOM...

SAMMY SABRE!
WHERE HAS HE
GONE,
MR. DUFF?

TO THE BANK,
BATMAN! HE
INTENDS TO CLEAN
IT OUT! EVERY
CENT OF THE
DEPOSITORS'
MONEY! YOU
MUST STOP
HIM!

**SECONDS LATER, THE POWERFUL BATMOBILE
ROARS AWAY AT THUNDERING SPEED...**

IT ISN'T ONLY THE MONEY I'M
WORRIED ABOUT, **ROBIN!**
SAMMY SABRE HAS MASTER KEYS
TO THE SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS!
HE'LL FIND MY MESSAGE TO
COMMISSIONER GORDON
CONTAINING THE SECRET
OF MY IDENTITY!

G-GOSH!
CAN'T
WE GO
ANY
FASTER?

RRRRROAR

INSIDE THE SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT ROOM...

ALMOST THE LAST
TRIP, SAMMY!
WE'VE MOVED
EVERYTHING
VALUABLE OUT
TO THE ARMORED
CAR!

I'LL FINISH EMPTY-
ING THE SAFE DEPOSIT
BOXES! I'VE REACHED
THE LETTER W ALREADY,
IN ALPHABETICAL
ORDER! SAY, HERE'S
A LETTER FROM
BATMAN TO POLICE
COMMISSIONER GORDON...
IN CARE OF PLAYBOY
BRUCE WAYNE!

AND SO THE ASTONISHED
EYES OF A MASTER CRIMINAL
READ A MESSAGE NOT MEANT
FOR HIM...

?

Dear Commissioner
When you read
this, I shall be
dead. So I want
you to know
the truth about
Batman's identity.

IS THIS
THE END OF
BATMAN'S
SECRET
IDENTITY...
AND HENCE
OF HIS
FABULOUS
CAREER
OF
CRIME-BUSTING?
IS HIS
SECRET
NOW ABOUT
TO BE
REVEALED
TO THE
WORLD?



BUT, AS A PUZZLED SAMMY SABRE SCANS THE MESSAGE...

HUH? THERE ISN'T ANY MORE TO IT! THE MESSAGE ENDS RIGHT THERE! IS THIS SOME PRACTICAL JOKE, OR...?

BATMAN AND ROBIN!

EE-YOW!

DESPERATELY, SAMMY SABRE TRIES TO BLUFF HIS WAY OUT OF HIS PREDICAMENT!

DON'T COME CLOSER, BATMAN! YOU MIGHT CAPTURE ME! BUT I'LL TELL THE WORLD WHO YOU REALLY ARE!

UHP! H-HE KNOWS MY SECRET!

AND BEFORE THE STARTLED CRIME-BUSTERS CAN REGAIN THEIR WITS...

KLANG!

THE VAULT DOOR! IT'S SLAMMED SHUT!

HE LOCKED US IN...TO SUFFOCATE!

THERE'S A TIME LOCK ON THE VAULT! EVEN IF WE ESCAPED, WE COULDN'T GO AFTER SAMMY SABRE! IT WOULD MEAN THE END OF YOUR CAREER!

WOULD IT? I'M NOT SO SURE! SAMMY SABRE DROPPED THIS ENVELOPE HERE! IT'S THE ENVELOPE THAT CONTAINED MY LETTER TO POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON!

SUDDENLY REVITALIZED, BATMAN STARTS EMPTYING OUT THE REST OF BRUCE WAYNE'S SAFE DEPOSIT BOX...

SAMMY SABRE MAY NOT KNOW AS MUCH AS I FEARED! AH! HERE'S WHAT I NEED! THE KEY TO THE CITY THAT THE MAYOR GAVE BRUCE WAYNE FOR HIS WORK IN CHARITIES!

HUH?

SMASHING ONE OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHTS IN THE CEILING, BATMAN RIPS OUT THE INSULATED WIRES...

YOU'RE MAKING AN ELECTRO-MAGNET!

RIGHT! A FEW TURNS OF THE WIRE AROUND THE METAL KEY! THEN WE CONNECT THE END OF THE WIRE TO THIS BATTERY FROM OUR BELT RADIO... AND PRESTO! WE'VE GOT IT!

NOW ALL I NEED IS A BATTERY... AND I GUESS OUR BELT RADIO CAN SUPPLY THAT, EH ROBIN?

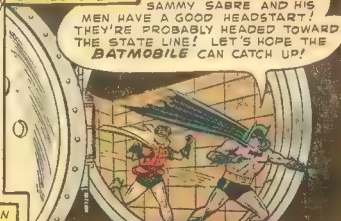
OH-OH! I GET IT, BATMAN!

THE TIME LOCK IS MAGNETICALLY CONTROLLED! BUT TURNING AN ELECTROMAGNET IN A COUNTER-CLOCKWISE DIRECTION, WE MAY BE ABLE TO FORCE BACK THE SETTING OF THE TIME LOCK!

WHEN THE SETTING REACHES THE HOUR IT IS NOW, THE VAULT DOOR WILL OPEN!



AT LAST, THE INTRICATE LOCK CLICKS INTO POSITION, AND THE MASSIVE STEEL DOOR SWINGS OPEN...

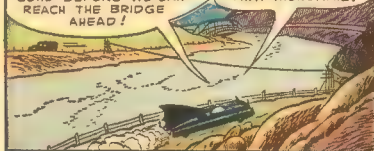


SAMMY SABRE AND HIS MEN HAVE A GOOD HEADSTART! THEY'RE PROBABLY HEADED TOWARD THE STATE LINE! LET'S HOPE THE BATMOBILE CAN CATCH UP!

THE BATMOBILE ROARS THROUGH THE NIGHT IN PURSUIT! AND THEN...

THERE THEY ARE, BATMAN! THEY'VE CROSSED TO THE OTHER SIDE! THEY'LL BE GONE BEFORE WE CAN REACH THE BRIDGE AHEAD!

THERE'S ANOTHER WAY ACROSS, ROBIN! SEE THAT MONORAIL?



SCREECHING TO A HALT BESIDE THE MONORAIL LINE, BATMAN AND ROBIN QUICKLY RIG UP AN EMERGENCY STEEL CABLE AND HOOK...

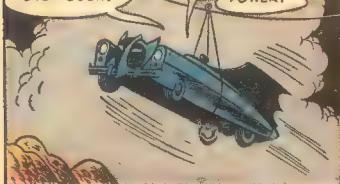
HERE WE GO! WE'RE TAKING A LONG CHANCE! WITH THE POWER OFF, IT'S A GOOD BET WE'LL BE STUCK MIDWAY!



SUSPENDED HIGH ABOVE THE MENACING GORGE BELOW, THE AMAZING BATMOBILE SLIDES ALONG THE NARROW SPAN OF THE MONORAIL TO THE MIDWAY POINT...

WE'RE SLOWING DOWN! WE'LL STOP SOON!

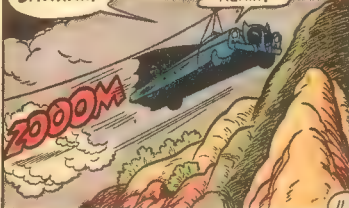
HANG ON TO YOUR HAT, ROBIN! I'M TURNING ON THE JETS FULL POWER!



JETS BLARE AND THE MIRACLE CAR FAIRLY LEAPS TO SAFETY ON THE FARTHER SIDE!

HOORAY! WE MADE IT, BATMAN!

NOW TO DISENGAGE THE CABLE AND HOOK, AND SET OUT AFTER SAMMY SABRE AGAIN!



PULSE-TINGLING MOMENTS LATER...

KARUNCH

THE KNIFE-EDGED PROW OF THE BATMOBILE CUTS INTO THE ARMOR OF THE CROOKS' CAR LIKE A HOT KNIFE INTO BUTTER!

ONLY THE WHIRRING WHEELS OF THE OVERTURNED CAR SOUND A REQUiem TO THE FINISH OF SAMMY SABRE, AND HIS GANG!

THEY'RE A BADLY BEATEN LOT, IF YOU ASK ME!

THEY STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT HIT THEM!

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

MARTIN DUFF CONFESSED EVERYTHING! HE'S GOING TO ACT AS STATE'S WITNESS IN THE TRAIL OF SAMMY SABRE, TOO! I THINK WE CAN PROMISE HIM A LENIENT SENTENCE!

FINE, COMMISSIONER GORDON! HE DESERVES A CHANCE TO RESUME AN HONEST, USEFUL LIFE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

AS SOON AS COMMISSIONER GORDON AND BATMAN ARE ALONE...

I SHOULD WARN YOU, BATMAN! SAMMY SABRE HAS BEEN THREATENING TO REVEAL YOUR IDENTITY, IF HE'S BROUGHT TO TRIAL! IS THERE ANY CHANCE THAT HE...?

NONE, COMMISSIONER! YOU SEE, I WROTE DOWN THE SECRET AND GAVE IT TO BRUCE WAYNE FOR SAFEKEEPING! HE PUT IT INTO A SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT WHERE SAMMY SABRE GOT A LOOK AT IT!

THE LETTER WAS ADDRESSED TO YOU, COMMISSIONER!

HMMFF! THIS ISN'T FINISHED! IT ENDS WITH THE WORDS... "SO IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT BATMAN'S IDENTITY..."

YOU KNOW OUR AGREEMENT, COMMISSIONER! THE IMPORTANT PART OF ANY MESSAGE I SEND TO YOU IS WRITTEN IN INVISIBLE INK... ON THE ENVELOPE! WHEN SAMMY SABRE TOSSED AWAY THIS CRUMPLED ENVELOPE AS USELESS, I KNEW THAT HE HADN'T LEARNED MY IDENTITY AFTER ALL!

NEXT TIME DON'T PUT IT IN WRITING, BATMAN... EVEN IN INVISIBLE INK!

The END

QUICK QUIZ

WHERE DID THE WOODEN INDIANS OUTSIDE OF TOBACCO SHOPS ORIGINATE?



IN ENGLAND! THE WOODEN INDIAN AS A TOBACCONIST'S SIGN WAS USED IN LONDON LONG BEFORE IT APPEARED IN AMERICA!

WHY IS SALT USED WITH ICE IN FREEZING ICE CREAM?



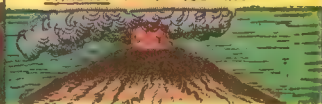
BECAUSE THE MIXTURE OF SALT AND ICE GIVES A COLDER TEMPERATURE THAN WITH ICE ALONE!

HOW DID WE GET THE WORD "ALPHABET"?



FROM "ALPHA" AND "BETA" THE FIRST TWO LETTERS OF THE GREEK ALPHABET! THE ENGLISH ALPHABET IS DERIVED FROM THE LATIN... THE LATIN FROM THE ANCIENT GREEK!

WHICH IS THE WORLD'S LARGEST ACTIVE VOLCANO?



MAUNA LOA... IN THE ISLAND OF HAWAII! IT IS 13,675 FEET HIGH... WITH A CRATER $\frac{1}{2}$ MILES IN DIAMETER!

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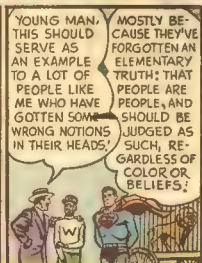
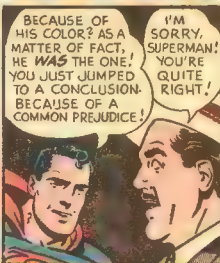
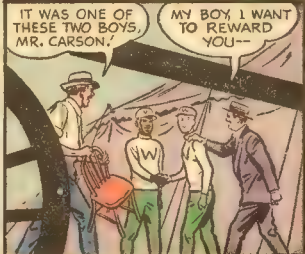
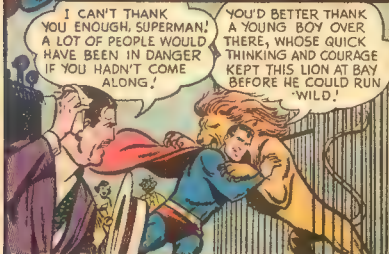
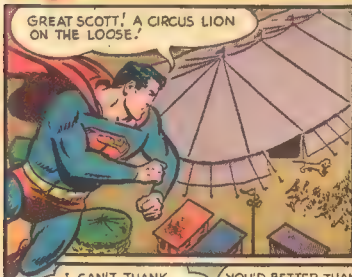
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NOW

SUPERMAN

says:

"PEOPLE ARE PEOPLE!"



BROTHERHOOD WEEK IS BEING OBSERVED FEBRUARY 15-22... BUT THE IDEAS BEHIND IT SHOULD BE OBSERVED ALL YEAR.

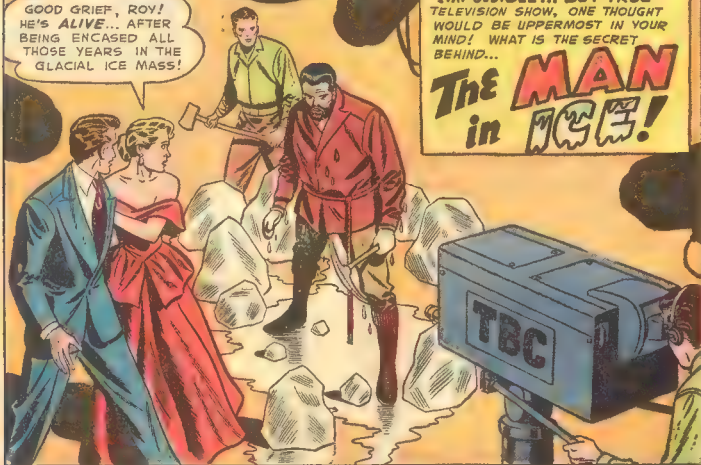
THIS PAGE IS PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH LEADING NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE AND YOUTH-SERVING ORGANIZATIONS.

IMPOSSIBLE- BUT TRUE

GOOD GRIEF, ROY!
HE'S ALIVE... AFTER
BEING ENCASED ALL
THOSE YEARS IN THE
GLACIAL ICE MASS!

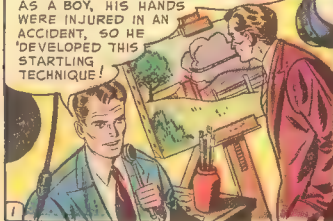
HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED
WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO
INTERVIEW A FAMOUS MAN WHO
LIVED, SAY... 200 YEARS AGO?
THERE ARE UNDOUBTEDLY MANY
QUESTIONS YOU WOULD LIKE
TO ASK HIM... BUT IF YOU
WERE ROY RAYMOND, MASTER OF
CEREMONIES OF THE FAMOUS
"IMPOSSIBLE... BUT TRUE"
TELEVISION SHOW, ONE THOUGHT
WOULD BE UPPERMOST IN YOUR
MIND! WHAT IS THE SECRET
BEHIND...

The MAN in ICE!



ONE EVENING, AS ROY RAYMOND CONDUCTS
HIS FAMOUS TELEVISION ODDITY
PROGRAM, "IMPOSSIBLE... BUT
TRUE!"...

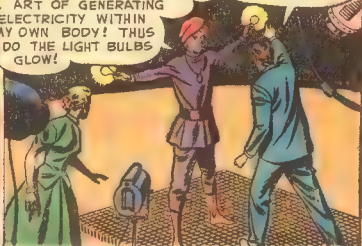
YES, FOLKS, MR. ROMERO
OF ITALY CAN PAINT A PICTURE
FASTER WITH HIS MOUTH THAN MOST
ARTISTS CAN WITH THEIR HANDS!
AS A BOY, HIS HANDS
WERE INJURED IN AN
ACCIDENT, SO HE
'DEVELOPED THIS
STARTLING
TECHNIQUE!

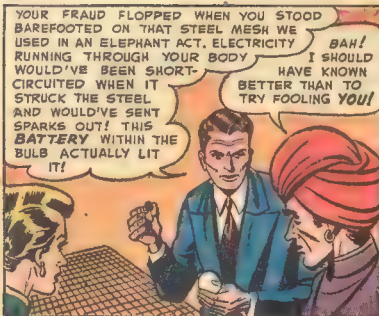


AND SOME DAYS LATER, AS ROY INTERVIEWS
APPLICANTS FOR FUTURE BROAD-
CASTS...

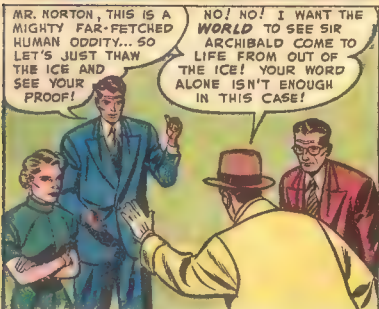
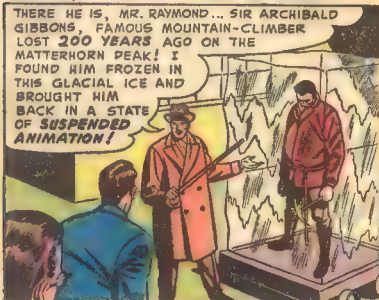
YOU SEE, MR. RAYMOND, IN
INDIA I LEARNED SECRET
ART OF GENERATING
ELECTRICITY WITHIN
MY OWN BODY! THUS
DO THE LIGHT BULBS
GLOW!

YOU CAN CUT OUT
THE FAKING,
"FAKIR"!





SHORTLY, AT THE REAR STUDIO ENTRANCE...



JUST THEN...

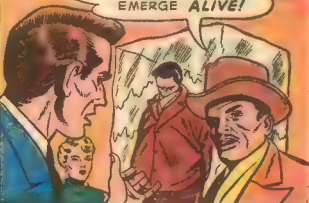
R-ROY, THERE'S A CHARACTER AT THE BACK ENTRANCE WH-WHO'S GOT A GUY FROZEN IN A BLOCK OF ICE! SAYS YOU EXPECT HIM!

OH, YES... THAT'S MR. NORTON, WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE THE MOST FANTASTIC HUMAN ODDITY EVER ENCOUNTERED!

THE SIR ARCHIBALD GIBBONS? ANCESTOR OF AMERICA'S CELEBRATED GIBBONS FAMILY?

EXACTLY!

WITH SPECIAL INSTRUMENTS, I'VE TESTED HIM THROUGH THE ICE AND DETERMINED THAT HIS HEART IS STILL BEATING! WHEN THE ICE THAWS, HE WILL EMERGE ALIVE!



HMM... GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! I SUPPOSE THERE'D BE NO HARM IN HAVING YOU APPEAR ON THE PROGRAM AND... ER... AWAKEN SIR ARCHIBALD IN THE PRESENCE OF EXPERTS!

GOOD... THEN I'LL SEE YOU AT TOMORROW NIGHT'S SHOW! NOW I MUST HURRY SIR ARCHIBALD BACK TO THE REFRIGERATION PLANT BEFORE THE ICE MELTS!



SO NEXT EVENING, JUST BEFORE THE SHOW BEGINS...

NORTON AND HIS ICE MAN HAVE JUST ARRIVED, ROY! THIS WAS A GREAT IDEA OF YOURS, SHOWING THE AUDIENCE FIRST-HAND HOW WE TEST OUR APPLICANTS!

YES, KAREN... IT'LL BE A TREAT FOR THEM, AND IT'LL ALSO PUT NORTON ON THE SPOT! AFTER ALL, IF HE WERE A PHONY, HE'D TRY TO AVOID APPEARING BEFORE A NATIONWIDE AUDIENCE!

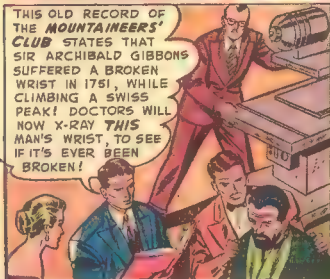


USING HOT SEARING TORCHES, TWO MEN PROCEED TO MELT AWAY THE THICK ICE...

CAREFUL... CAREFUL! STOP THE TORCHES A FOOT FROM HIS BODY! WE'LL REMOVE THE REMAINDER BY HAND!



THIS OLD RECORD OF THE MOUNTAINEERS' CLUB STATES THAT SIR ARCHIBALD GIBBONS SUFFERED A BROKEN WRIST IN 1751, WHILE CLIMBING A SWISS PEAK! DOCTORS WILL NOW X-RAY THIS MAN'S WRIST, TO SEE IF IT'S EVER BEEN BROKEN!



MINUTES LATER, AS "IMPOSSIBLE... BUT TRUE!" GOES ON THE AIR...

AT THIS TIME, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOU ARE GOING TO WITNESS THE ACTUAL TESTING OF AN APPLICANT! WE OURSELVES DON'T KNOW YET WHETHER OR NOT HE'S PULLING A HOAX! AND SO... ON WITH THE MAN IN ICE!



AND AS THE LAST BIT OF ICE IS CHIPPED AWAY...

WHAT... HAS HAPPENED...?

I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT!

HE'S ALIVE! HIS MIND AND BODY ARE PERFECTLY PRESERVED! QUICK... PUT THIS ROBE ON HIM... HE'S GOT TO KEEP WARM!

SO FAR, SO GOOD! NOW FOR THE FIRST TEST!

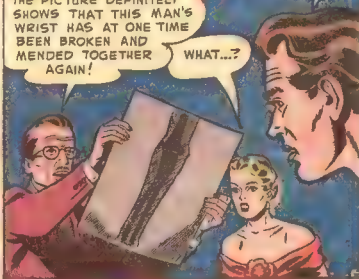


AND WHEN THE DOCTORS HAVE CHECKED THE X-RAY...

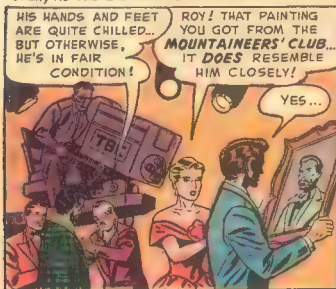
GREAT SCOTT!

THE PICTURE DEFINITELY SHOWS THAT THIS MAN'S WRIST HAS AT ONE TIME BEEN BROKEN AND MENDED TOGETHER AGAIN!

WHAT...?



THEN, AS THE EXAMINATION CONTINUES...



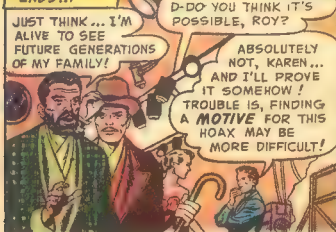
...BUT THERE ARE NO ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF GIBBONS! SIR ARCHIBALD... I'D LIKE YOUR SIGNATURE, TO COMPARE WITH THE ONE IN THAT RECORD BOOK!

B-BUT MY FINGERS...

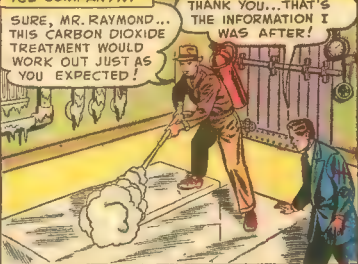
THAT'S RIGHT... HIS FINGERS WILL BE USELESS FOR SEVERAL DAYS! QUITE CHILLED, YOU KNOW!



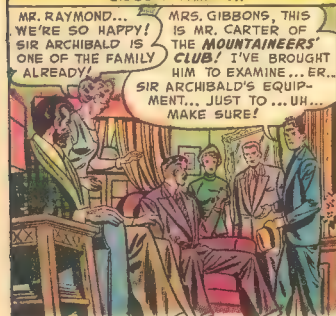
THUS THE FAMED FACT-FINDER IS TEMPORARILY STYMIED... AND WHEN THE SHOW ENDS...



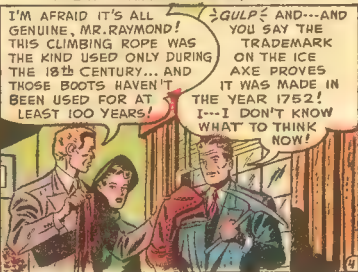
ROY BEGINS HIS INVESTIGATION THE FOLLOWING MORNING, IN THE CITY'S BIGGEST ICE COMPANY...



AND AFTERWARD, AT THE HOME OF SIR ARCHIBALD'S RELATIVES, THE WEALTHY GIBBONS FAMILY...



BUT WHEN THE **MOUNTAINEERS' CLUB** EXPERT EXAMINES THE EQUIPMENT...



LATER, AS ROY WEIGHS THE SITUATION...

SIR ARCHIBALD'S CASE JUST **CAN'T** BE TRUE! THAT EQUIPMENT COULD HAVE ALL BEEN PURCHASED FROM ANTIQUE DEALERS... AND I'VE **OTHER** REASONS FOR SUSPECTING HIM! KAREN, GET SIR ARCHIBALD ON THE PHONE... I'M GOING TO TAKE HIM ON A LITTLE TOUR AROUND TOWN, AND **REALLY** EXPOSE HIM!



AND IN A LARGE DEPARTMENT STORE...

AMAZING! **MOVING STAIRS!**

IF HE'S A PHONY, HE SURE PUTS ON A GOOD ACT! HE SEEMS COMPLETELY CONFUSED BY ALL OUR MODERN MECHANISMS!



AT THE NEXT CORNER, ROY MAKES A HURRIED PHONE CALL ... AND THEN...

SIR ARCHIBALD... I'VE JUST HAD WORD FROM BOSTON! THE **CLIMBERS'** CLUB THERE HAS JUST RECEIVED CURIOUS RELICS FOUND 'FROZEN NEAR THE MATTERHORN! AND THEY WANT YOU TO IDENTIFY THEM! I'LL WAIT FOR YOU TO PACK AND SEE YOU TO THE TRAIN!

WHAT...? OH... ER... ALL RIGHT, MR. RAYMOND!

TWENTY MINUTES LATER, WHEN THE PAIR REACHES THE TRAIN STATION...

YOU SAY THEY'RE ANXIOUS FOR ANY INFORMATION I CAN GIVE THEM?

EXACTLY! HERE...CHECK THIS SCHEDULE WHILE I PHONE MY STUDIO AGAIN! YOU MUSTN'T MISS THIS NEXT TRAIN!

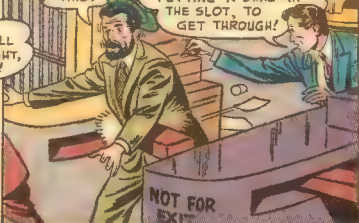
TRAINS LEAVE DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME



WHAT IS ROY'S PLAN? THAT AFTERNOON, AS HE SHOWS SIR ARCHIBALD THE SIGHTS...

OOOMPH! WH-WHAT'S THIS?

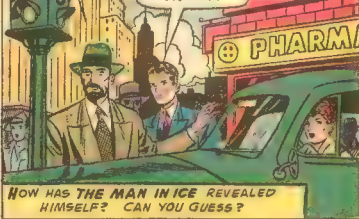
ER...SORRY... I FORGET YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT PUTTING A DIME IN THE SLOT, TO GET THROUGH!



BUT AS THE TOUR OF THE CITY CONTINUES...

HOLD IT!

AT LAST! HIS FIRST SLIP-UP! I THINK I KNOW HOW TO EXPOSE THIS CHARACTER ONCE AND FOR ALL!



HOW HAS THE MAN IN ICE REVEALED HIMSELF? CAN YOU GUESS?

AND AS THE FACT-FINDER RETURNS FROM THE PHONE BOOTH...

ACCORDING TO THIS TIME-TABLE, MR. RAYMOND, I MUST LEAVE YOU AT ONCE! I'VE ONLY SEVEN MINUTES TO CATCH THE BOSTON TRAIN!

AND THAT DOES IT! YOU'RE A **FRAUD**, WHOEVER YOU REALLY ARE!





DETECTIVE COMICS



... AND YOU TRAPPED YOURSELF! OUT-OF-TOWN TRAIN SCHEDULES ARE ON **STANDARD** TIME... AN HOUR EARLIER... BUT YOU AUTOMATICALLY TOOK INTO ACCOUNT **DAYLIGHT SAVINGS** TIME! NO PERSON FROM THE PAST WOULD HAVE KNOWLEDGE OF THIS!

ROY! THE POLICE HAVE ALREADY PICKED UP NORTON, AS YOU TOLD THEM TO DO!

AND NOW... WHAT ABOUT THE MOTIVE YOU MENTIONED OVER THE PHONE?

SIMPLE, KAREN! BELIEVING "ARCHIBALD" WAS THEIR GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER, THE GIBBONS FAMILY ALLOWED HIM FULL ACCESS TO THEIR WEALTH! HE WAS NO DOUBT PLANNING TO WAIT UNTIL THIS WHOLE BUSINESS DIED DOWN, THEN SKIP TOWN WITH ALL THE MONEY AND JEWELRY IN THE GIBBONS HOUSEHOLD! AS YOU CAN SEE, HE AND NORTON STOOD MAKING QUITE A PROFIT OUT OF THIS SCHEME!

LATER, WHEN THE TWO FRAUDS HAVE CONFESSED...

SO STOPPING YOU AT THE TRAFFIC LIGHT TIPPED HIS HAND, BECAUSE YOU KNEW ONLY A **MODERN** MAN WOULD RECOGNIZE TRAFFIC LIGHTS!

RIGHT... THOUGH I FIRST SUSPECTED HIM WHEN I SAW **NICOTINE STAINS** ON HIS FINGERS AS I ASKED FOR HIS SIGNATURE LAST NIGHT! ONLY A PRESENT-DAY CIGARETTE SMOKER WOULD HAVE SUCH STAINS! SO I PAID A VISIT TO THE ICE COMPANY!

... AND LEARNED THAT TWO HALVES OF HOLLOWED-OUT ICE CAKES COULD BE "WELDED" TOGETHER BY A SPRAY OF **CARBON DIOXIDE**, WHICH WOULD FREEZE AND COVER THE SEPARATION! HE USED THIS TINY OXYGEN MASK FOR AIR AND THIS SKIN-TIGHT RUBBER SUIT FOR WARMTH!

GOSH! AND HE DELIBERATELY BROKE HIS WRIST TO AID HIS FRAUD! WAIT TILL THE PUBLIC HEARS ABOUT THIS!

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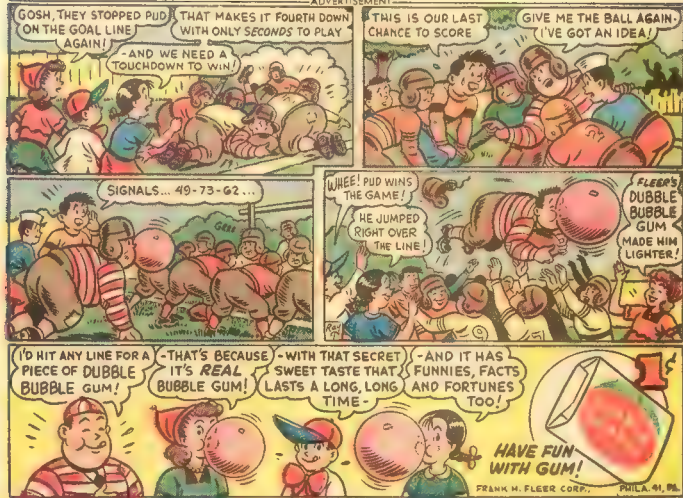
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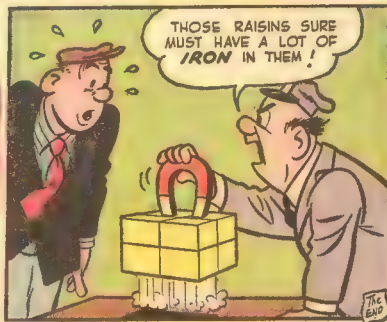
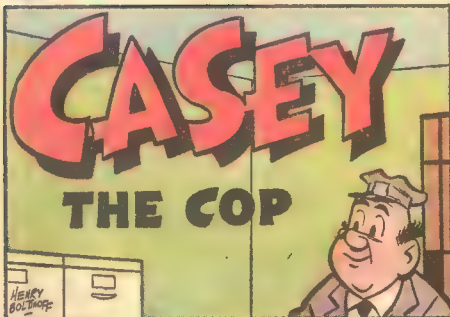
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BE SURE
TO GET THE
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THE ADVENTURES OF
**Dean
MARTIN and
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TODAY!





FOR...
The **CRIME COLLECTOR**

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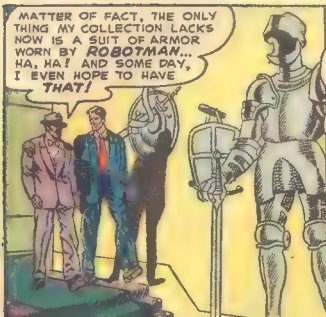
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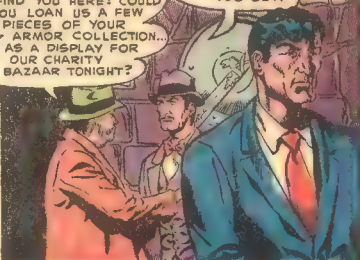


MATTER OF FACT, THE ONLY THING MY COLLECTION LACKS NOW IS A SUIT OF ARMOR WORN BY **ROBOTMAN**... HA, HA! AND SOME DAY, I EVEN HOPE TO HAVE **THAT!**

JUST THEN...

OH, MR. STRANGE! HOW FORTUNATE TO FIND YOU HERE! COULD YOU LOAN US A FEW PIECES OF YOUR ARMOR COLLECTION... AS A DISPLAY FOR OUR CHARITY BAZAAR TONIGHT?

AHA! A DISPLAY OF ARMOR, EH? GOOD IDEA... GLAD TO HELP YOU OUT!



SO THAT NIGHT, AS THOUSANDS OF THE CITY'S RICH SET ATTEND THE ANNUAL CHARITY BAZAAR...

THERE'S PLENTY OF DOUGH FLOATIN' AROUND HERE TONIGHT, PETE! THESE PEOPLE ALWAYS SPEND A FORTUNE AT THIS AFFAIR!

LET 'EM! IT'S ALL GONNA BE OURS ANYHOW! THE MORE THEY SPEND, THE MORE IT MEANS FOR US!

YESSIR... WITH THE HELP OF THIS ARMOR DISPLAY, WE'RE GONNA LEAVE HERE LOADED WITH CASH! HA, HA, HA!



HOW CAN ANCIENT SUITS OF ARMOR AID A MODERN ROBBERY? LATER, AFTER THE GUESTS LEAVE...

WE GOT IT ALL... BUT HERE COME THE SPECIAL GUARDS!

SO WHAT? THEY CAN'T HURT US! NOT WITH THAT ARMOR THERE!

AND SURE ENOUGH, WHEN THE GUARDS PICK UP THE CHASE...

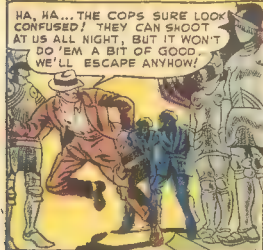
HUH? W-W-E'RE SHOOTING RIGHT AT THEM, BUT NOTHING'S HAPPENING!

AT THIS RATE, THEY'LL GET AWAY... AND WE CAN'T STOP THEM!



NOR IS THIS THE ONLY CRIME INVOLVING RANDOLPH STRANGE'S ARMOR COLLECTION! TWO NIGHTS LATER, WHEN THEY ORNAMENT THE PREMIERE OF A NEW HISTORICAL MOVIE...

HA, HA... THE COPS SURE LOOK CONFUSED! THEY CAN SHOOT AT US ALL NIGHT, BUT IT WON'T DO 'EM A BIT OF GOOD... WE'LL ESCAPE ANYHOW!



NEXT MORNING, AS PAUL DENNIS READS OF THE DARING ROBBERIES...

HMM... ONE FACTOR WAS THE SAME IN BOTH THOSE HOLDUPS... AND I'M SURPRISED THE POLICE DIDN'T NOTICE IT! THE WHOLE THING LOOKS PRETTY OBVIOUS TO ME!



SHEDDING THE PLASTIC COVERING THAT DISGUISES HIM AS AN ORDINARY HUMAN, PAUL ASSUMES HIS SECRET IDENTITY OF **ROBOTMAN**, THE METAL MARVEL WITH THE HUMAN BRAIN!

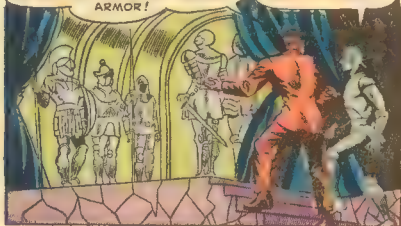
IF I JUST WAIT FOR THOSE CROOKS TO STRIKE AGAIN, I'LL CATCH THEM RED-HANDED!



AND **ROBOTMAN** DOESN'T HAVE LONG TO WAIT... FOR THAT VERY SAME EVENING...

I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY DID IT, **ROBOTMAN**, BUT THE ROBBERS GOT AWAY WITH ALL THE RECEIPTS OF THIS LECTURE ON ANCIENT ARMOR!

IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO FIGURE OUT, COMMISSIONER... I'LL HAVE THOSE MEN IN A JIFFY!



YOU SEE, IN EVERY ROBBERY, THOSE SUITS OF ARMOR WERE ON DISPLAY! THE CRIMINALS SIMPLY LED THE POLICE ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE... DARTING AMONG THE METAL FIGURES... THEN HID INSIDE THEM! WHEN THE HEAT COOLED OFF, THEY WALKED HOME UNDISTURBED!



BUT WHEN **ROBOTMAN** ATTEMPTS TO PROVE HIS POINT...

COME ON OUT, YOU! I'LL... I'LL... WHY, IT'S EMPTY!



B-BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! IF THEY DON'T USE THESE ARMORED FIGURES TO HIDE IN... HOW ELSE CAN THEY HELP THEM?

I... I DON'T KNOW! NOW I'M REALLY STUMPED!



ALL NIGHT LONG, THE PERTURBED MAN OF METAL PACES HIS LABORATORY FLOOR...



THOSE CROOKS HAVE TO USE THAT ARMOR IN **SOME** MANNER! IT'S NO COINCIDENCE THAT THEY ONLY ROB PLACES WHERE IT'S ON DISPLAY! HMM... RANDOLPH STRANGE WANTS TO ADD **ROBOTMAN** TO HIS COLLECTION, DOES HE? WELL... **HE WILL!**

THESE HOLLOW ROBOT BODIES WHICH I USE AS DECOYS... I'LL BRING ONE OF THEM TO THE ART GALLERY, AND AUCTION IT OFF! STRANGE IS SURE TO PURCHASE IT... AND IS HE IN FOR A SURPRISE!

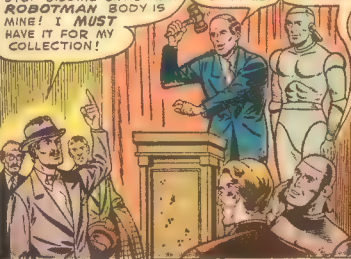


THUS, AS ANOTHER AUCTION TAKES PLACE THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON...

\$10,000... AND I WON'T STOP BIDDING UNTIL THAT **ROBOTMAN** BODY IS MINE! I **MUST** HAVE IT FOR MY COLLECTION!

SOLD! TO RANDOLPH STRANGE!

SO FAR, SO GOOD, COMMISSIONER!



BUT IN THE LONG CORRIDORS OF THE STRANGE MANSION, SOME HOURS LATER...

HEY, BOSS... WHY'D YOU HAVE TO BUY THAT THING? IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

I HAD TO DO IT, BECAUSE I OVERHEARD A CONVERSATION...

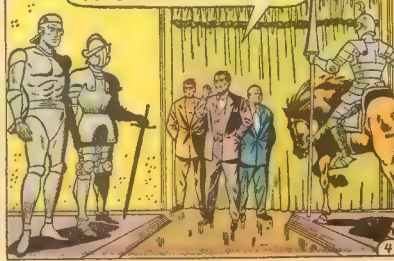
BETWEEN **ROBOTMAN** AND THE COMMISSIONER! THEY SEEM TO THINK THEY'RE SETTING A TRAP FOR ME!

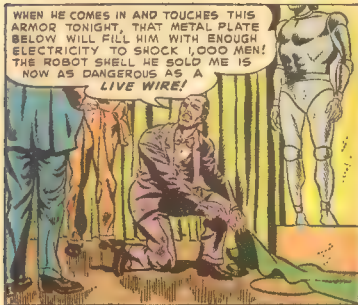


ROBOTMAN IS AWARE THAT AT EVERY ROBBERY WE PULL, MY ARMOR IS ON DISPLAY! WHAT HE DOESN'T KNOW IS JUST **HOW** THAT ARMOR HELPS US... SO HE HAS THIS DUPLICATE OFFERED FOR SALE, KNOWING I WANT IT FOR MY COLLECTION!

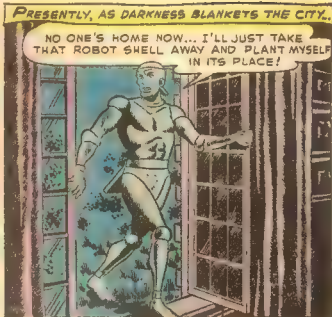


TONIGHT, IN ORDER TO LEARN OUR SECRET, HE PLANS TO COME HERE HIMSELF AND TAKE THE PLACE OF THAT ROBOT SHELL... BUT I'M PREPARED FOR HIM!



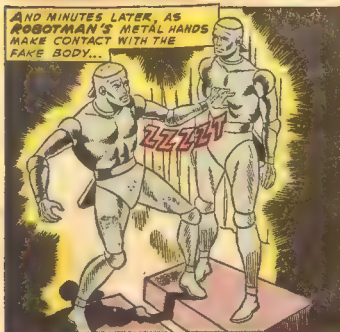


WHEN HE COMES IN AND TOUCHES THIS ARMOR TONIGHT, THAT METAL PLATE BELOW WILL FILL HIM WITH ENOUGH ELECTRICITY TO SHOCK 1,000 MEN! THE ROBOT SHELL HE SOLD ME IS NOW AS DANGEROUS AS A **LIVE WIRE!**



PRESENTLY, AS DARKNESS BLANKETS THE CITY...

NO ONE'S HOME NOW... I'LL JUST TAKE THAT ROBOT SHELL AWAY AND PLANT MYSELF IN ITS PLACE!



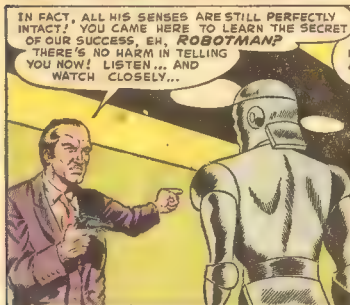
AND MINUTES LATER, AS **ROBOTMAN'S METAL HANDS** MAKE CONTACT WITH THE **FAKE BODY...**



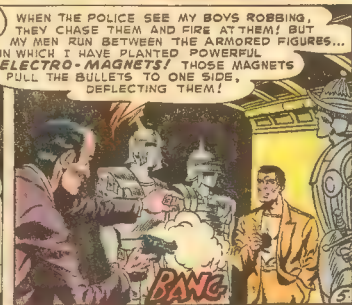
AFTERWARD...

I--I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! IS HE REALLY DEAD?

NO, HE'S ALIVE... BECAUSE HIS BRAIN IS SUSPENDED IN PROTECTIVE SOLUTION... BUT HIS **BODY** IS SHORT-CIRCUITED INTO HELPLESSNESS. HE'S ACTUALLY A **LIVING STATUE!**



IN FACT, ALL HIS SENSES ARE STILL PERFECTLY INTACT! YOU CAME HERE TO LEARN THE SECRET OF OUR SUCCESS, EH, **ROBOTMAN?** THERE'S NO HARM IN TELLING YOU NOW! LISTEN... AND WATCH CLOSELY...



WHEN THE POLICE SEE MY BOYS ROBBING, THEY CHASE THEM AND FIRE AT THEM! BUT MY MEN RUN BETWEEN THE ARMORED FIGURES... IN WHICH I HAVE PLANTED POWERFUL **ELECTRO-MAGNETS!** THOSE MAGNETS PULL THE BULLETS TO ONE SIDE, DEFLECTING THEM!

THUS.. WITHOUT FEAR OF BULLETS
HITTING THEM... THEY CAN EASILY MAKE
THEIR GETAWAY, AS THEY'LL PROVE
TONIGHT AT THE **HISTORICAL**
SOCIETY EXPOSITION!



THAT NIGHT, AS SOCIETY DESCENDS ON THE ANNUAL
HISTORICAL SHOW...

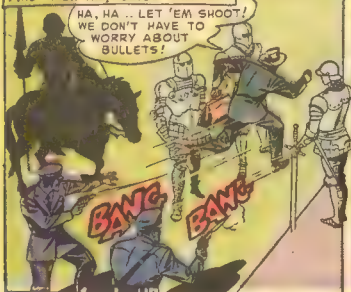
DON'T NOBODY
MOVE, AND
NOBODY GETS
HURT!

GET ALL THEIR JEWELS,
BOYS, AND LET'S
BEAT IT!



AND WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE...

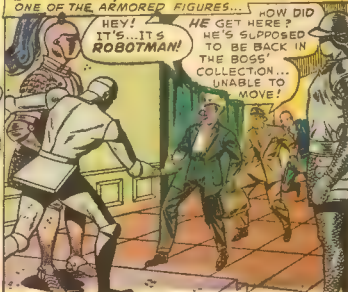
HA, HA... LET 'EM SHOOT!
WE DON'T HAVE TO
WORRY ABOUT
BULLETS!



BUT SUDDENLY, AN UNEXPECTED MOVEMENT BY
ONE OF THE ARMORED FIGURES...

HEY!
IT'S...IT'S
ROBOTMAN!

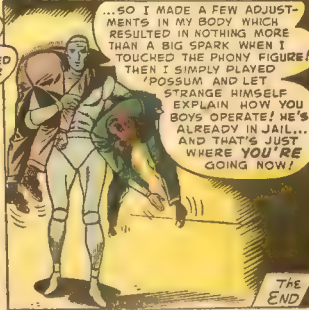
HOW DID
HE GET HERE?
HE'S SUPPOSED
TO BE BACK IN
THE BOSS'
COLLECTION...
UNABLE TO
MOVE!



I WOULD BE BACK IN THAT ARMOR
COLLECTION... IF I HADN'T NOTICED **DEAD**
FLIES ON THE ELECTRORIZED DUPLICATE
BODY THAT RANDOLPH STRANGE SET UP
IN HIS COLLECTION! THOSE FLIES WARNED
ME THAT TOUCHING THAT HOLLOW ARMOR
SHELL WOULD BE LIKE TOUCHING A
LIVE WIRE.



...SO I MADE A FEW ADJUST-
MENTS IN MY BODY WHICH
RESULTED IN NOTHING MORE
THAN A BIG SPARK WHEN I
TOUCHED THE PHONY FIGURE!
THEN I SIMPLY PLAYED
'POSSUM AND LET
STRANGE HIMSELF
EXPLAIN HOW YOU
BOYS OPERATE! HE'S
ALREADY IN JAIL...
AND THAT'S JUST
WHERE YOU'RE
GOING NOW!

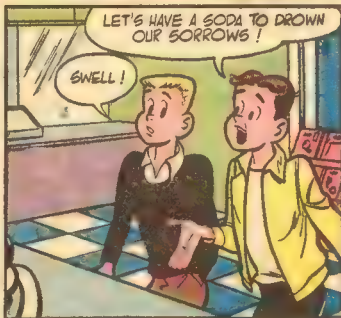
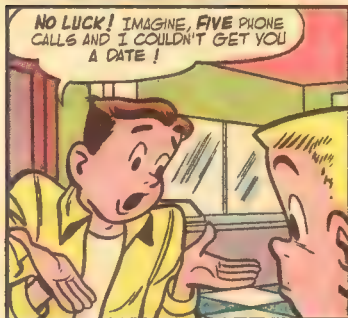
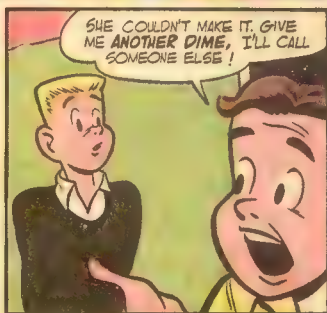
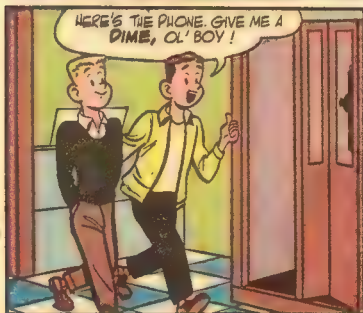
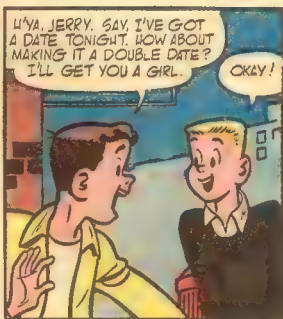
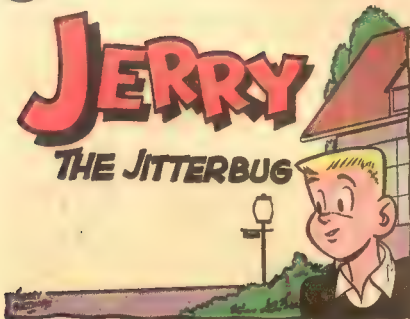


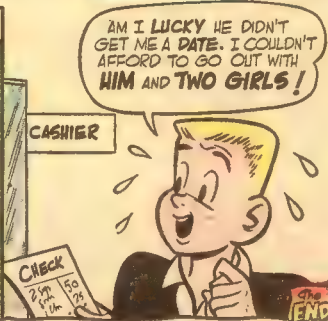
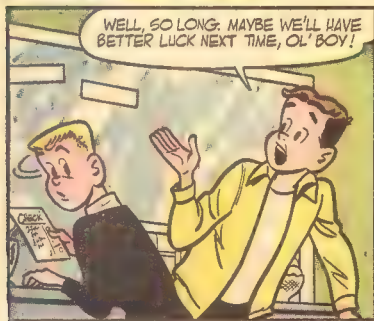
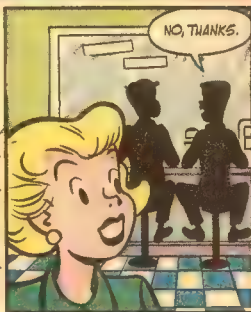
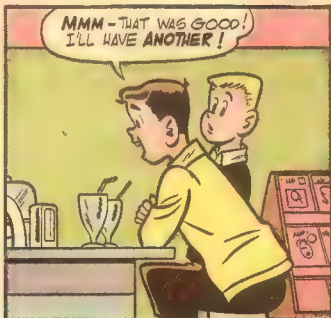
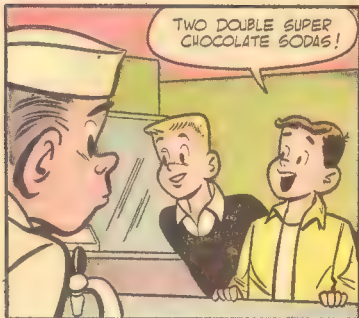
THE
END



JERRY

THE JITTERBUG







Some of the Most Brilliant Detective Work Is Accomplished by that Unsung Sleuth, The Fire Marshal

IN fiction, the wily detective is invariably pictured as a plainclothesman from Homicide, or a deadpan sleuth on the racket squad. Sometimes, he appears as a bright young man from the Treasury Department, and at other times a special investigator from the District Attorney's office.

But rarely, if ever, does anyone come across a detective wearing the natty uniform of a Fire Marshal. Yet, the fact is, some of the most brilliant detecting in America is being accomplished by these unsung sleuths from the fire departments.

The Fire Marshal, if anything, has a tougher job on his hands than his prototype in the police department. True enough, both try to catch criminals BEFORE the crime has been committed, rather than AFTER! But the Fire Marshal has the tougher nut to crack.

Police officials are agreed that no other type of criminal is as hard to catch as the professional firebug. The gunman who hires himself out as a professional killer for a mob has to be pretty close to his victim. Nor so the firebug who burns down buildings for a living.

A firebug can ignite a piece of slow-burning Chinese punk, pour a small amount of gunpowder at its base, and be 100 miles away when the fire breaks out.

Or, consider the case of a firebug who went

to work on the wiring of the doorbell in the building he was paid to burn down. After completing his work on the wiring, he walked six blocks to a bus stop.

Calmly, with no fear of capture, he took a bus to the next town. There was no hurry. He wasn't fleeing from a blazing fire. There was no accusing redness in the dark sky.

Alighting from the bus at a busy intersection, he strolled into a corner drugstore, and entered the phone booth.

"Western Union, please!" he asked the operator. And when he was connected, he ordered a telegram to be sent to the house he had just "fixed." He dropped the requested coins into the phone box, and jotted down the correct amount on his expense account. That was that.

Fifteen minutes later, a messenger hurried up the steps of the house in point. Gingerly, he pressed the doorbell. There was a loud report, a bright flash—and minutes later the house was a mass of flames!

When you read about the devilishly cunning ways firebugs use to cover up their tracks, you wonder how any of them are ever caught. Yet, you would be amazed at the small number who actually get away with it.

For the Fire Marshal is a first-class detective, and if the fire department ever goes out of business, he can always get a good job with

the police department. For that matter, the Fire Marshal, whose brilliant detective work can expose the identity of the criminal, never makes the actual arrest himself. He always calls in a policeman to snap the bracelets on the firebug.

For an illustration of the detective work of a Fire Marshal, let us open the records of a recent case.

There had been a series of fires in some racehorse stables not so long ago. Arson was suspected, but real proof was lacking.

The Fire Marshal knew he had a particularly tough one this time when he sat down opposite Lieut. Det. Swanson of the detective bureau.

"The big trouble is," said Swanson, "that by the time we get there, the whole stable is nothing but a heap of ashes. All that straw and hay and wooden stables burn fast!"

"Mm," grunted the Fire Marshal. "I know just what you mean. In the average fire, we can usually find some traces of arson left on the concrete floor that didn't burn."

The two men talked some more, and then the Fire Marshal rose. "This case has got to be tackled in a round-about manner. I'll see what I can do!" With that, he left, and Swanson felt better. He knew from experience that the investigation was in good hands.

When the Fire Marshal had said he was going to conduct the investigation in a round-about manner, he meant just that. Instead of visiting the scenes of the various fires, he set about visiting the various horse dealers in the area.

And before long he had compiled a list of racehorse owners who had made purchases of old, decrepit horses. The list tallied perfectly with the stables which had recently been burned down.

He now knew all he needed to know. He was ready to spring his trap.

Borrowing a detective from the police de-

partment, he went out to a stable which was on his list as having recently acquired a number of old horses, but which had not yet suffered a fire.

There, the Fire Marshal found what he was seeking. A perfectly laid fire, ready to burst into a roaring blaze at the strike of a single match.

The straw was saturated with kerosene. Even the blankets covering the tired old horses were dripping with the inflammable liquid.

"I want every so-called human being connected with this stable behind bars," was the simple way the Fire Marshal put it to the police detective.

Later, the Fire Marshal explained his reasoning to Swanson.

"First of all, I asked myself this question: 'Why should the owner of a racing stable deliberately set out to destroy good horse flesh?' No man, except a pyromaniac, sets fire to anything just to see the blaze! He does it to make a fast dollar.

"Therefore, I figured, a man in need of money bad enough to burn down his stables isn't going to destroy good race horses that could earn him money in the future under new names! Why should he? After all, one burned horse looks just like any other!

"So what I did," concluded the Fire Marshal, "was to find out if any of these race horse owners recently bought up old or lame or blind horses for a few dollars apiece! And when I discovered that they did, I knew the answer. Their race horses were insured for hundreds and thousands of dollars. In the dead of night, they'd walk their valuable race horses out, cart them off, replace them with substitutes, set fire to the place, and collect on the deaths of their race horses!"

Which should give you an idea why so few firebugs stay in business for very long!

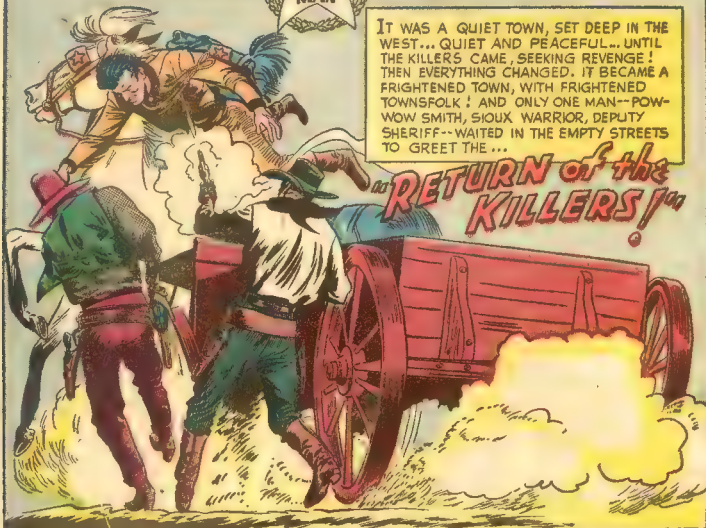
—John Marlowe

POW-WOW SMITH

INDIAN
LAW-
MAN

IT WAS A QUIET TOWN, SET DEEP IN THE WEST... QUIET AND PEACEFUL... UNTIL THE KILLERS CAME, SEEKING REVENGE! THEN EVERYTHING CHANGED. IT BECAME A FRIGHTENED TOWN, WITH FRIGHTENED TOWNSFOLK! AND ONLY ONE MAN--POW-WOW SMITH, SIOUX WARRIOR, DEPUTY SHERIFF--WAITED IN THE EMPTY STREETS TO GREET THE...

"RETURN OF THE KILLERS!"

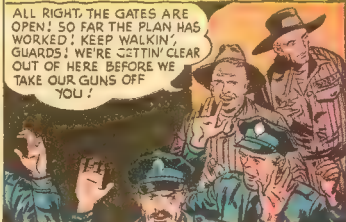


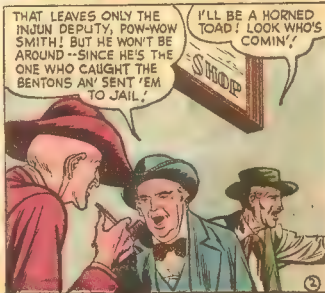
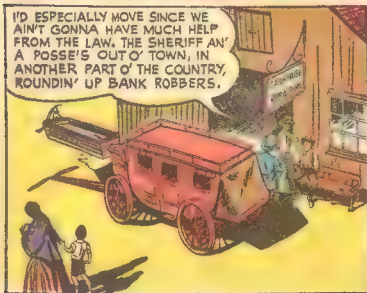
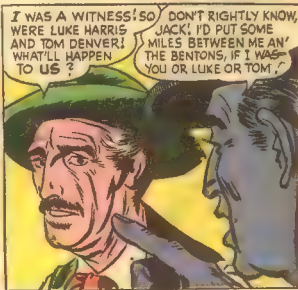
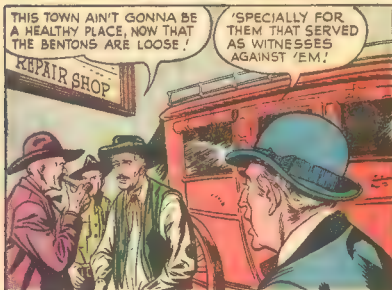
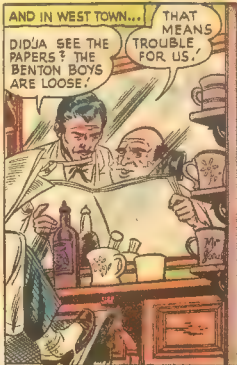
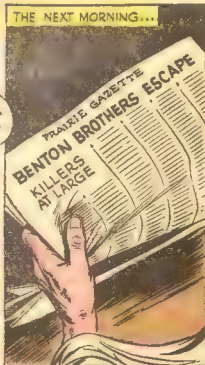
WEST TOWN HAS A POPULATION OF 3,000 PEOPLE. IT IS LOCATED BY A RIVER... AND IT HAS BEEN A QUIET TOWN... UP TO NOW...

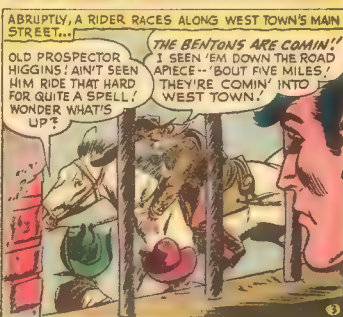
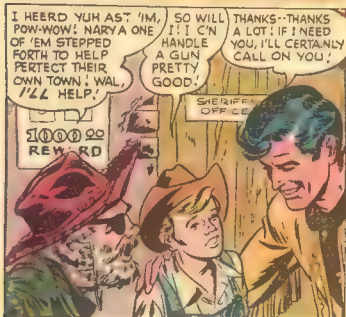
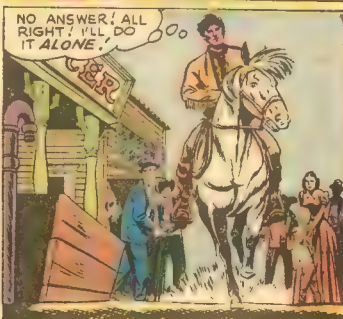
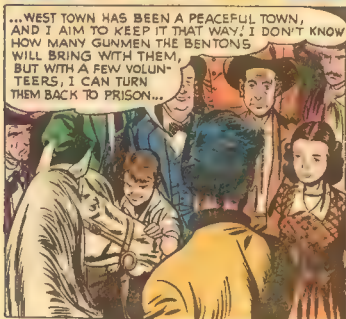
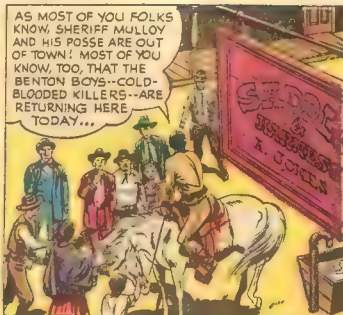
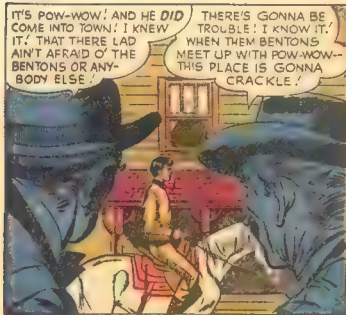


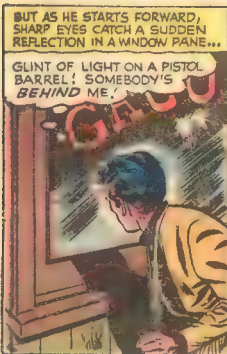
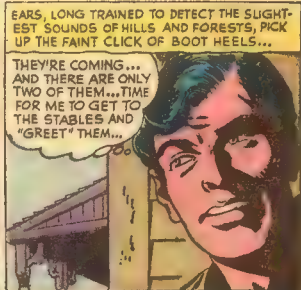
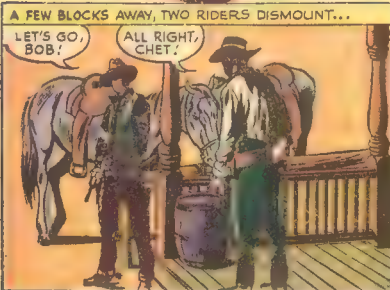
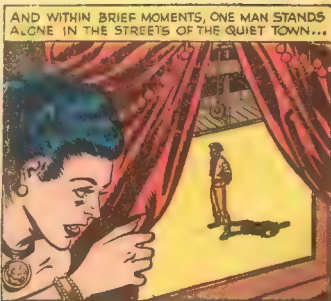
BUT ON THIS DAY, ONE THOUSAND MILES AWAY, IN A GREAT PRISON, TWO MEN HOLD GUNS AT THE BACKS OF FIVE PRISON GUARDS...

ALL RIGHT, THE GATES ARE OPEN! SO FAR THE PLAN HAS WORKED! KEEP WALKIN', GUARDS! WE'RE GETTIN' CLEAR OUT OF HERE BEFORE WE TAKE OUR GUNS OFF YOU!

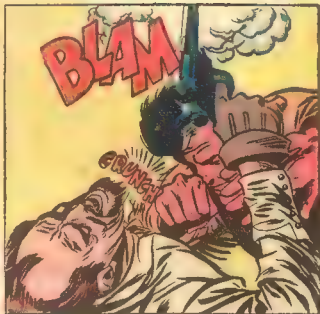




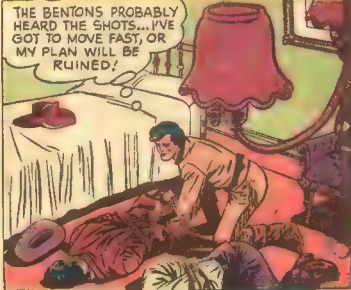




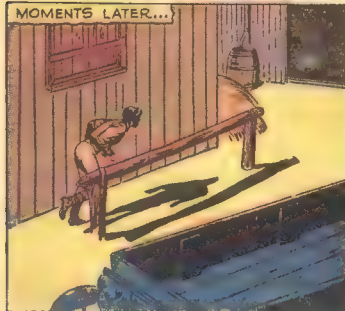
CIRCLING AROUND, THE INDIAN LAWMAN REACHES A WOODEN STAIRWAY--ASCENDS IT WITH THE STEALTH OF A PREYING WOLVERINE, AND THEN...



AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT THE ROOM IS VERY QUIET.



MOMENTS LATER...

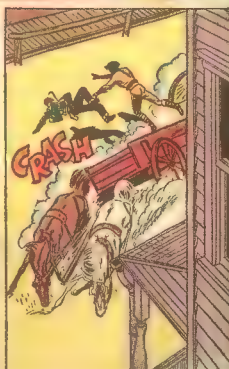
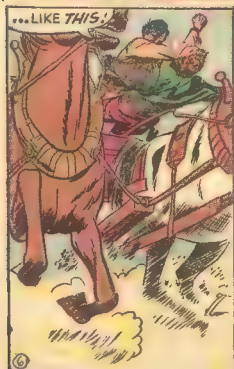
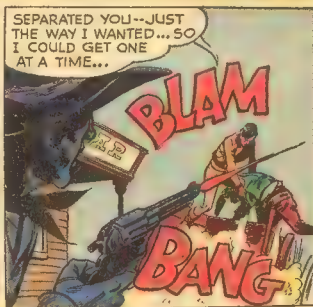
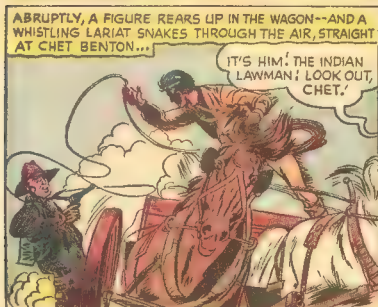
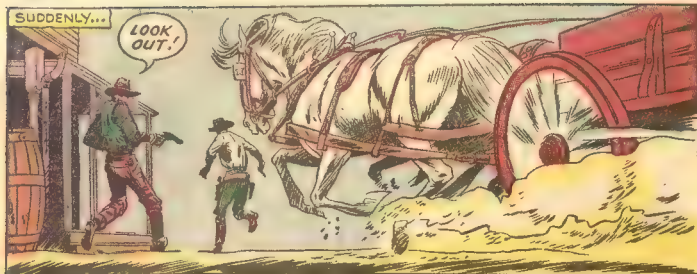


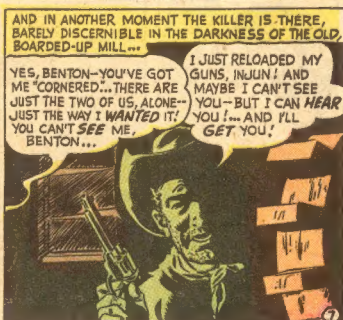
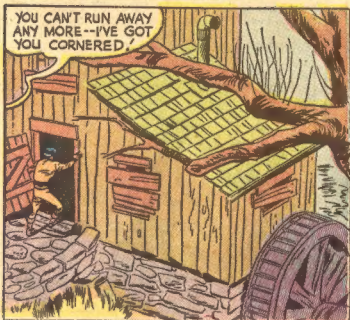
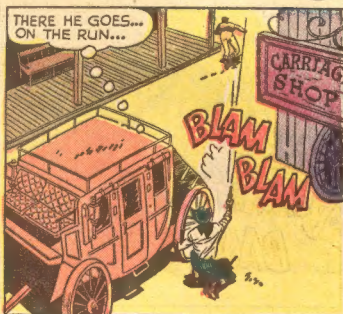
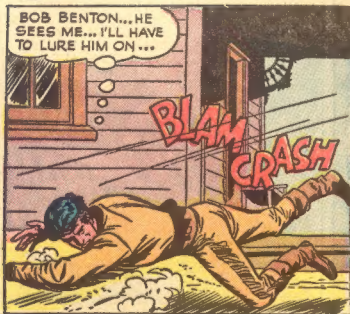
AND ELSEWHERE...

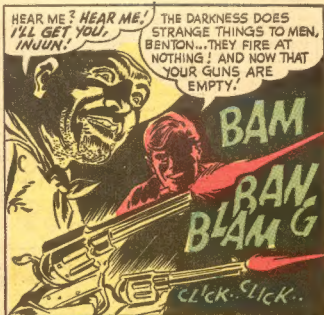
WHAT WAS THEM GUNSHOTS, BOB?

PROBABLY PETE AN' COLORADO! DON'T SEE A THING... COME ON!









Hi there, Pal! Win Some of these **100 Silver Anniversary Prizes!**

I just won **\$100.** and this 15" tall Silver Trophy
I just won this **\$1,000,000** Body and a Gold Medal

You Can Win All These
just as I did
in **10**
MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!

Yes! You still can win \$100 and other 25th Anniversary Prizes, if you MAIL coupon below NOW. Your success can soon be like mine. A few weeks ago I was a skinny weakling like you. I had no guts to fight for my rights. TODAY everyone admires my champ movie-star build. My mighty ARMS. My heroic CHEST. My wide manly SHOULDERS. My POPULARITY with boys. The way GIRLS go for me—once so girlish. My new prowess in SPORTS. My new quickness in STUDIES. My double-energy at work.

There's that skinny scarecrow JOHN. Let's pass him by!



John Sill before

JOHN SILL was a 125 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING LOOK at him NOW. A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN from Head to Toe

as YOU can be soon!

I GAINED 60 LBS. OF HANDSOME HARD-HITTING MUSCLES!

Which of these
2 ME'S is YOU ?
that 125 lb.—6 ft. CHICKEN WEAKLING WAS ME A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

NO! friend you don't have to be **SKINNY** any more. Just mail **NOW** the **FREE** coupon below as I did. Soon YOU can add 7 inches to your **CHEST** 3½ inches to EACH **ARM** and the rest in proportion as I did.

Come On, PAL **NOW YOU** give me 10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY in YOUR OWN HOME and I'll give YOU

A NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME
says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

THIS MAY BE YOUR LAST CHANCE TO GET FOR ALL 5 **100** PICTURE PACKED COURSES MILLIONS HAVE BEEN SOLD FOR \$1 AND MORE

- How to Build A MIGHTY CHEST
- How to Build A MIGHTY ARMS
- How to Build A MIGHTY LEGS
- How to Build A MIGHTY BACK
- How to Build A MIGHTY GRIP

FREE

PHOTO BOOK HOW to Achieve Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron
How to BECOME A MIGHTY HE-MAN

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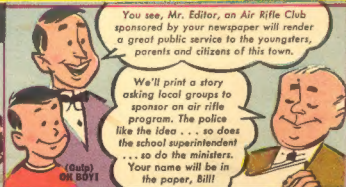
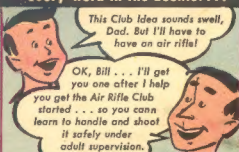
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